

ECLIPSE
COMICS™

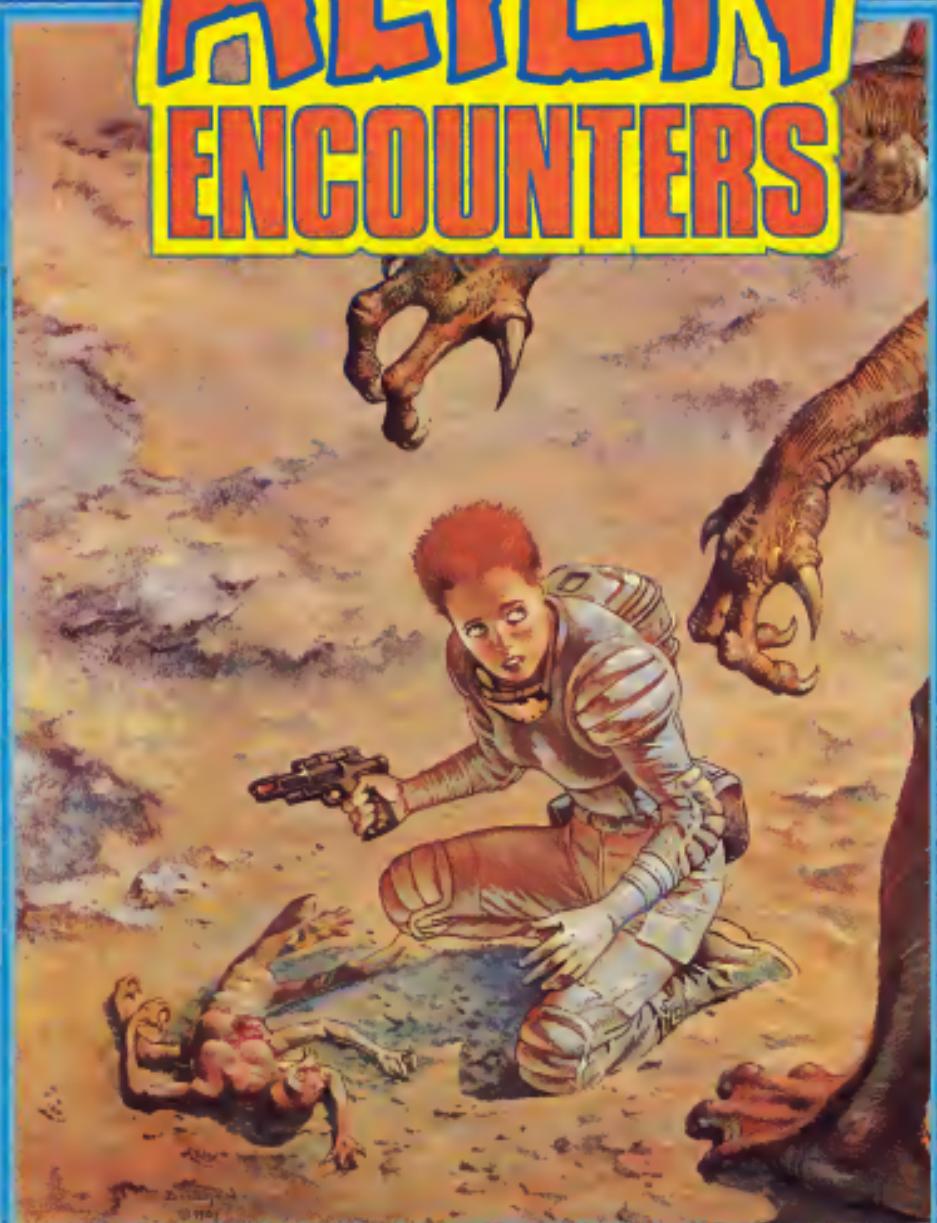
THE ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE FICTION
MAGAZINE FOR MATURE READERS

Nº 14

\$2.00

CANADA
\$2.95

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS



THE BUSTER CRABBE COLLECTOR

LESTER LOUD WAS LIKE A HUMAN CASH REGISTER. WHEN HE TALKED ABOUT HIS COLLECTION OF TWENTIETH CENTURY MEMORABILIA, IT WAS EASY TO IMAGINE HIS MIND BEEPING AS IT READ OFF THE PRICE CODES, HIS EYES FLASHING GREEN LIGHTS AS HE REURGICITATED THE OFT-QUOTED FIGURES.

FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE

THAT'S MY NEWEST FIND, JOY! IT COST ME FIVE THOUSAND CREDNOTES -- AND IT'S WORTH IT! WHEN I SELL ALL THIS SOME DAY, IT'LL BRING TEN, MAYBE FIFTEEN!

STORY: JACK BUTTERWORTH
ART: JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE
COLORS: SAM PARSONS

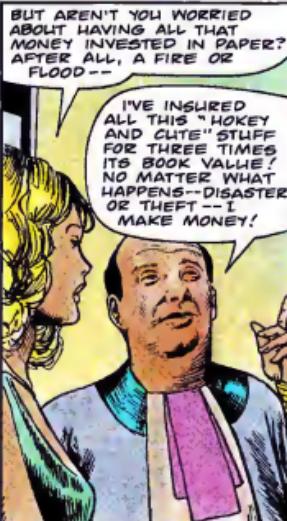
"HOKEY AND CUTE!" THAT, MY DEAR, IS WHY I'VE HIRED YOU AS MY TENNIS COACH AND NOT MY FINANCIAL ADVISOR! SINCE THEY STARTED BUILDING HOMES WITHOUT WINDOWS IN THE LATE 2100'S, THE PRICES ON THESE THINGS HAVE GONE THROUGH THE ROOF!

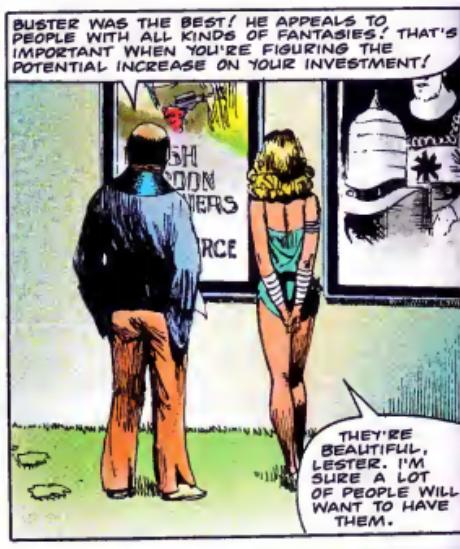
BUT AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT HAVING ALL THAT MONEY INVESTED IN PAPER? AFTER ALL, A FIRE OR FLOOD --

I'VE INSURED ALL THIS "HOKEY AND CUTE" STUFF FOR THREE TIMES ITS BOOK VALUE! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS--DISASTER OR THEFT--I MAKE MONEY!

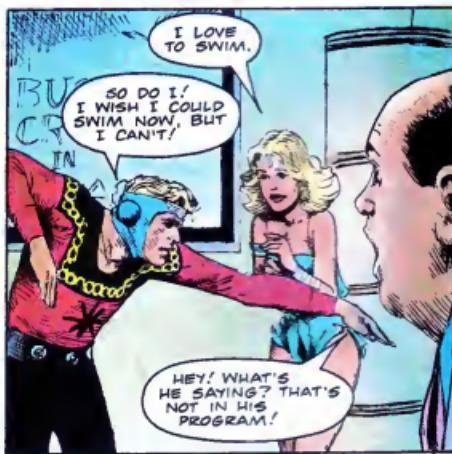
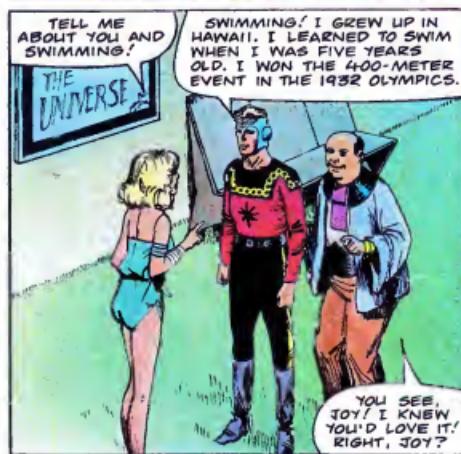
I LIKE IT, LESTER. IT'S SO HOKEY AND SO CUTE.

I'M SURE I COULD LEARN A LOT ABOUT MONEY FROM YOU, LESTER!







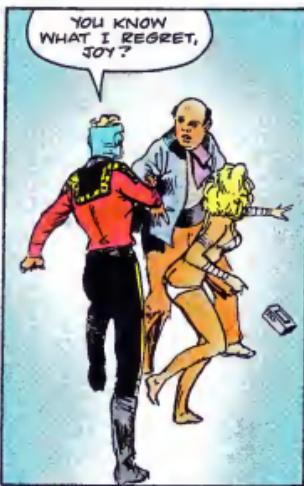


YOU POSSESSIVE INFANT! YOU'RE JEALOUS OF A SIMULOID! YOU'RE JEALOUS BECAUSE HE LOVES SPORTS AND I LOVE SPORTS AND YOU DON'T!

WHO CARES ABOUT STUPID SPORTS? CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO HIM? HE'S SCOWLING! BUSTER NEVER SCOWLED BEFORE! HE ALWAYS HAD THAT DUMB SMILE ON HIS FACE!









THERE IS A STORY
THAT HAS NEVER
BEEN TOLD...

A STORY OF PERFECT
SPHERES THAT DRIFTED
THROUGH SPACE LIKE
IDEAS THROUGH THE
MIND OF A PAINTER...

THE STORY OF THE CHILD-
REN OF THE SPHERES,
WHO BUILT A WORLD OF
BEAUTY THAT PUT THEIR
SHINING SUN TO SHAME-

-AND THE HIDEOUS
WARS THEY FOUGHT
TO KEEP THEIR WORLD
THAT SPLIT THEIR
STAR IN HALF.

THE STORY OF THEIR ARRIVAL ON
EARTH, LIKE THE SUN SHINING
THROUGH THE ICICLES -

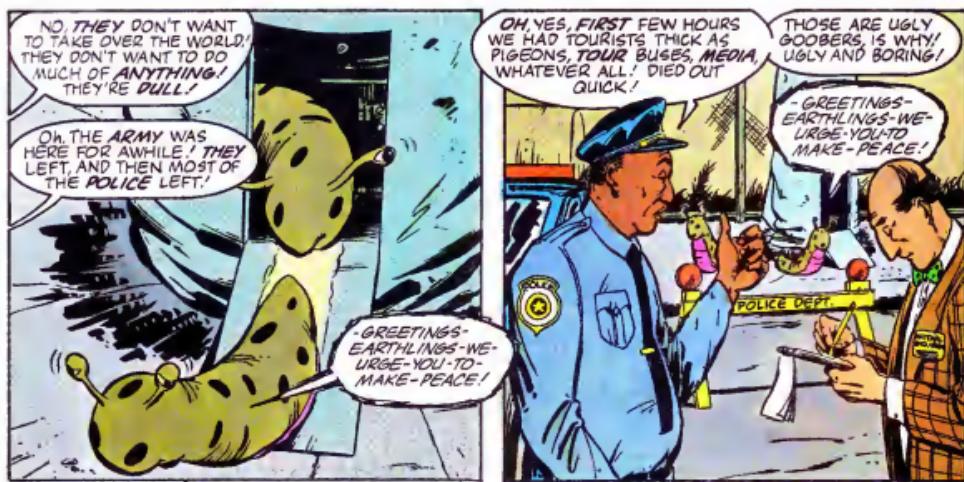
-HOW THEY TAUGHT OUR
ARTISTS NEW COLORS
AND OUR WRITERS NEW
WORDS AND HOW OUR
FARMERS LEARNED TO
FEED THE MULTITUDES.

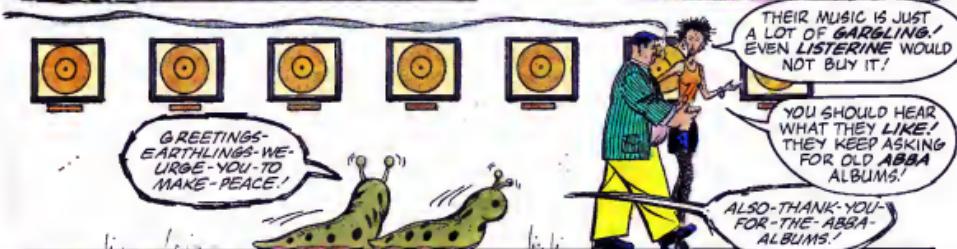
THIS, HOWEVER, IS
NOT THAT STORY.

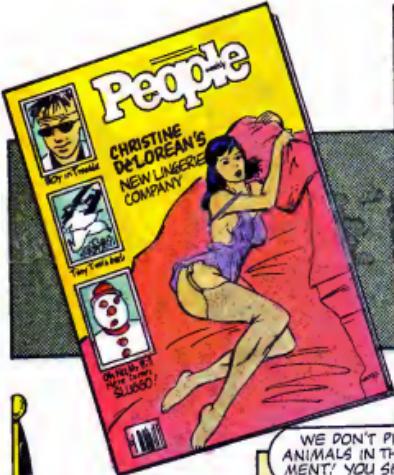
IN OTHER NEWS, **ALIENS LANDED TODAY!**

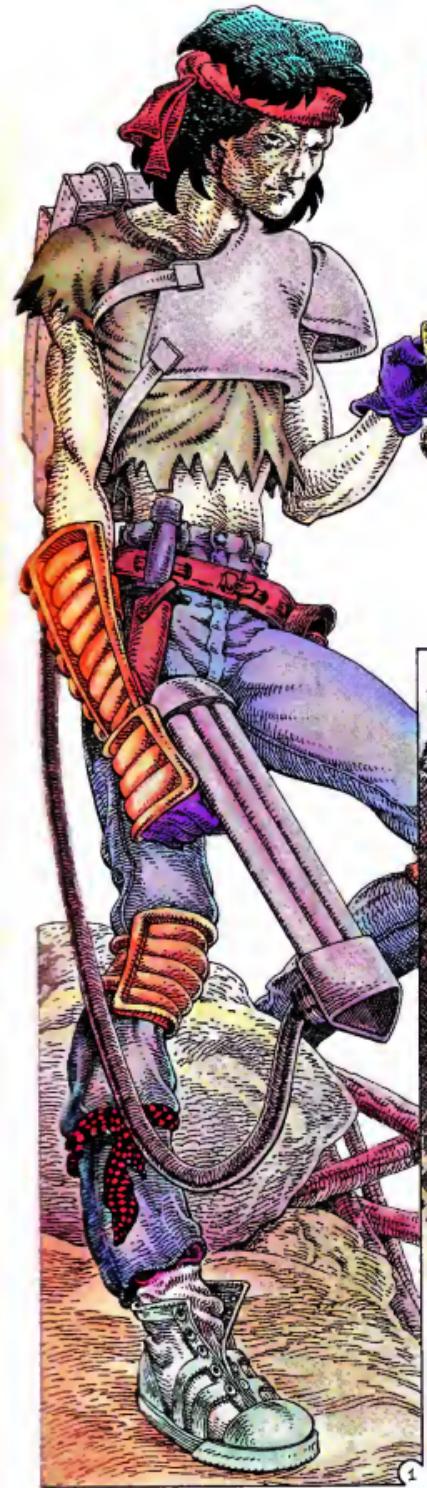
BEPPE SABATINI
WRITER
GRAHAM NOLAN
ARTIST

KURT HATHAWAY
LETTERS
MARCUS DAVID
COLOURS









"I WAS JUST A KID WHEN
THEY LANDED AND
TRASHED THE WHOLE
FREAKIN' PLANET."



"I'M FOURTEEN NOW AND
A WHOLE LOT SMARTER.
GUESS YOU COULD SAY I
GREW UP A LOT THE PAST
FEW YEARS."



"LIKE I SAID, THEY
WASTED THE
WHOLE PLANET."

"BUT SOMETIMES
THEY'D COME DOWN
TO HAVE SOME FUN."

"BASTARDS."

J.D.'S

STORY CHARLES DIXON
LETTERS KURT HATHAWAY

ART THOMAS WIMBISH
COLORS PHIL DEWALT

"I'M THE ONE WITH THE PLASMA RIFLE, MY NAME'S BEAMER. THAT'S NOT THE NAME MY PARENTS GAVE ME, BUT THEY'RE DEAD. SO WHO CARES?"

SQUEETS!

GET YOUR ASS DOWN!

OPEN UP ON THEM!



I DON'T WANNA
BE BAIT ANYMORE!
I DON'T LIKE
THIS GAME!

STOP
CRABBING,
SQUEETS.

WE'RE NOT
GOING TO PLAY
THIS GAME
ANYMORE.



I'VE
THOUGHT OF A
BETTER GAME.

"YEAH, I FIGURED IT WAS TIME FOR A NEW GAME."

KRK! KRK!

"THE ALIENS WERE STUPID. THE OLDEST TRICKS IN THE BOOK WORKED ON THEM. FLEX MADE SOME NOISES AND THEY TURNED THEIR BACKS ON US."

"ZEBRA?"

"AFTER THAT IT WAS CAKE."

CLUD!
THUD!
WHUK!

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, SQUEEKS.

YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY THIS THING?

SURE... GIVE ME A MINUTE.

NEXT STOP... MOTHER SHIP!

"I TOLD YOU THE ALIENS WERE STUPID. A FREAKIN' MORON COULD FLY THIS THING."

BUT I NEED MORE PRACTICE ON THE LANDINGS.

CRUNK!

WAUCH!

SCREECHING!

TAKE 'EM DOWN!

GRRRR!

GRR!

C'MON! C'MON!

SPREAD OUT!







ALL MY LIFE I'D KNOWN IT WOULD HAPPEN. MY DEAR SWEET MARK HAD DIED... AND NOW I WAS ALONE. I WASN'T EVEN BORN WHEN MY TWO-THOUSAND SELECT ANCESTORS COLONIZED THIS PLANET THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO NOW, OUT OF THEM AND THE FEW CHILDREN I'D GROWN UP WITH, I WAS THE ONLY HUMAN LEFT ALIVE ON CANMANDU.

CANMANDU. WHAT A NAME FOR A PLANET. CANMANDU HAD BECOME A LIE. MAN COULDN'T DO. NOT HERE. NOT WITHOUT CHILDREN TO CARRY ON. AFTER THE PLAGUE, EVERY PREGNANCY ON OUR WORLD ENDED IN STILLBIRTH. EVEN MINE. ALL OUR LIVES, MARK AND I NEVER SAW ANYTHING BUT DEATH. WE TRIED TO MAKE A LIFE ANYWAY, BUT THE ONE HOPE WE'VE HAD WAS FUTILE.

STILLBORN

STORY
ERIC DINEHART
PENCILS
TOM LYLE
INKS
ROMEO TANGHAL
LETTERS
KURT HATHAWAY
COLOURS
LOVERN KINDZIERSKI

"CANS" DESIGNED BY: B.C. BOYER

I'D DELIVERED A STILLBIRTH TWO DAYS AGO. MY PREGNANCY WAS THE ONLY REASON MARK HAD HUNG ON TO LIFE AS LONG AS HE DID. AND WITHOUT HIM-- AND MY BABY-- IT'D BE ME NEXT...

Whee-
Toot ??

...IN A MONTH MAYBE, NO MORE THAN A YEAR, I'D GO, JUST LIKE MARK. WHAT WAS THERE FOR ME TO HANG ON TO?

GO TO FARM!
I WANT TO BE ALONE.
GO TO FARM!

TOOT!

PLANETARY COLONIZATION
WAS KEPT SIMPLE--SIMPLE
TOOLS, SIMPLE MACHINES,
SIMPLE SILICONE GEL COMPU-
TER BRAINS. OUR STEAM DRIVEN
ROBOTS, THE CANS, WERE
GIVEN SILI-PUTER BRAINS
SO THEY COULD OBEY VERBAL
ORDERS...

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO, MY PARENTS AND
THE OTHERS WERE LEFT HERE. THEY CAME
FROM EARTH IN STASIS, IN A SLOWER-THAN-
LIGHT SEPER. THE NEXT STARSHIP WILL
CIRCUIT BY CANMANDU ABOUT SO A.L.,
SIXTY YEARS AFTER FIRST LANDING.

...AND CARRY GOODS
ALONG THEIR RAPIDLY
EXPANDING LINE OF
MAGNETIC TRACK.

I WAS THE COLONY'S LAST
BIRTH BEFORE THE BIMP-
PLAQUE HIT TWENTY YEARS
AGO. I GREW UP WATCHING
BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE DE-
TERIORATE. NO CURE
FOUND, NO HOPE OF RES-
CUE, EVERYTHING OF OURS
DIED...

EXCEPT THE CANS.
THEIR SILI-PUTER BRAINS
WERE REPROGRAMMED,
MAKING THEM MORE SELF-
SUFFICIENT...ABLE EVEN
TO EVOLVE, AS THEY
ADAPTED THEMSELVES
TO THE ENVIRONMENT.
THEY BECAME CAPABLE
OF INTERNAL SELF-
REPLICATION.

THEY COULD HAVE
BABIES, BUT WE
COULDN'T.

WHAT GOOD DID ANY
OF IT DO US?
WHAT GOOD DID IT
DO ME...THE LAST
OF THE DEAD?!



AND THE CANS! EVERYONE HAD THOUGHT OF THE CANS AS INNOCENTS' WELL, WHAT THE HELL DID IT MATTER TO BE INNOCENT? WE WERE INNOCENT. WE WERE DEAD! I WAS DEAD. WHY WEREN'T THE CANS DEAD, TOO?

THE CANS WERE MINDLESSLY ACTING OUT THE LIVES THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN OURS... MARK'S AND MINE. WE DIED BUT THE CANS JUST SEEMED TO KEEP MOVING ALONG THEIR MAGNETIC TRACKS IN AN OBSCENE CARICATURE OF LIFE.

THIS ISN'T YOURS! IT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU! YOU'RE NOT ALIVE! YOU NOT MOVE!

